"I tell you this thing of betn' a mind-resder an's what it's eracked up to be."
The speaker was a slender and frail-looking young man in a shabby Prince Albert costs ditto bat, vest and trousers and sand-cracked shoes. He stood be-fore the bar of a Clark street calcon and wined fleets of four from a transfiling. wiped flocks of foam from a straggling, straw-colored mustache and anon munched a "red hot" which was crushed

munched a "red hot" which was crushed between two slices of rye bread.

"Wis, I should think the passession of such a faculty would make a man a mascet," mid the erudite bartender as he sized up his customer's appearance with a distrustful glusco.

"Yes, you think that, but that an's all you think," said the seedy seer.
"You also think I am givin' you a game of hinff and that I an't no mind-reader at all. Don't you see I can read your

at all. Don't you see I can read you mind? An't that what you think?"

"Yep."

"And you're wonderin' if I'm goin' to
pay for this beer, an't you?"

"Yep."
I knowed it. Don't you see? I can read your mind like a book. Gimme another one of them red-hota."
The beer purveyer stock a brass fork into another diminutive sausage and handed it to his gifted patron.
"No, sir. I tell you mind-readin' is a

corse to any man. It's been a curse to me. Look at me. Wouldn't you think a man who could tell just what other folks are thinking would fly high and wear diamonds? 'Course you would. I know what you think. Well, it ain't so. Mind-coadin'.'! Mind-readin' 'Il bring any man to the poor-house, you hear me."
"How," queried the man with a white

apron, growing interested.
"Well, you see, I used to give exhibitions of mind-readin," and drawed houses, but after awhile we struck a pious section of country where they be-lieve all such doin's is wicked—and we got stranded. I knowed the treasurer didn't have any money 'fore he told me. I read his minu-see? Well, ever since then I've been driftin' around tryin' to get employment-but pshaw! it ain't no use A mind-reader can't get no other kind of work."

"Why?"
"Now I know what you think. I can read your mind just like a book. You think nobody wants to like a man who would know all his employer's thoughts and wouldn't give him no chance to chest a customer or tell a little lie 'thout nobody else knowin' it. But' that ain's the reason. When I'm lookin' for a job you can bet a chattel mortgage I don't say nothin' 'bout my gift. No sir. But spite of that the cussed gift handicaps me every time."

"How?"
"Well, take to-day for instance. I

"Well, take to-day for instance. I saw an 'ad' in the paper of a job that just satisfied me. I went up to see the advertiser and just as soon as I caught his eye I began to read his mind.
"Confound it!" he thought, 'here's another burn come to strike me for a quarter. I'll bet a dollar he's just been kicked out of some salcon."
"Now leave it to you if that was a very pleasant reception for an honest

very pleasant reception for an honest man looking for honest employment." "What did he say?" "Oh, it wasn't what he said, but what he thought that drove the iron into my soul and crushed my proud spirit. It was his mind that wounded me to the quest-that insulted me before I had said a word." Well, why did not you explain your

situation to him."
"Explain nothing! That would give the whole business away. Then he'd a knowed at once that I was a mind

"I said 'excuse me, sir, I made a mis-take in the place,' and turned around and went out. Just as I was leavin' the room he added wormwood to the gall of bitterness by thinkin'.

"He's some made think I would be

"He's some sneak-thief, I guess, who ed to find no one in the office, so's

"He's some sneak-thief, I guess, who expected to find no one in the office, so's he could swipe an overcoat or something. I'll just remember his face, and if I see him around the building any more I'll call the police."
"I want out into the busy street with a crushed and bleeding heart, and I came right here. No, sir, 'taint no use. It's no use askin' a job of a man, even if he treats you pleasant, when you can read his mind like a book and see that he is thinkin' that you have just got out of the bridewell or are a fugitive from justice. Mindreadin's no good. I'm readin' your mind now. You are gettin' sorry for me and are thinkin' that I'm not goin' to pay you for that beer, and that you'll let it go this time. Now, ain's you?"

"Yes, I great it's all right, as you seem to be in such hard luck."
"See? Didn't I tell you, old fel? Well, I'll fool you. I've got a lone mickel nere. Here it is I just wanted to prove that I could read your mind. I'll call around sears time when I'm

The Faverite Sected Game
The game of 'golf,' of which Mr. Baifour is very foul, was originally a Dutch
game, but has been played by the
Scotch at the head of their outdoor
sports. The word 'golf' means 'clob,'
and has reference to the staves or clubs
with which little balls are propoled in
the game. The 'linit' or play-ground
for golf may be a meadow, but is oftener
a stretch of sand and course grass, such
as one finds following the seashore. At
short or long distances bowl-like holes
are penched in the link, and the players, taking a des, endeavor to knock the
halls from one hole to another in set
moves over the whole length of the
link.—Chicago Times.

Feed of Derion.

"Mrs. Grubby—Hero's an article in the paper budded "During Rabbary of a Woman." I nan't tree any thing during aris. There was two rethers and only are years.



here for thee to got Airendy in the frame enow A lonely grave as made for thee; The whole are thanting dirges low, Upon the land and on the sea.

Old year, thou wert a friend to some— To some thou wert of worth untold, Thy days were blessings, every one, More procious far thus shining gold; But unto others thou a fee Did prove thyself—an enemy, Rejections as the chains of woe— As ruthless as meddened see.

Some will rejoice to know thee dead,
Others will mourn thee as a friend:
Some will look back on thee with dread,
Others their praises to thee lend:
I neither offer praise nor blame,
Old Year, for what you brought to me,
Por unto me both poy and pain,
Your active hands gave leviship.

Thy selecte death-boar draws s-sigh— And bark! I hear thy funeral knell Blow pealing through the darkened sky— Farewell, Old Your—farewell, farewell! RAIL TO THE NEW.

HAIL TO THE NEW.

Hail! hall to thee! O virgin year!

Not yet a day's length on thy throne—
Thou with the merry eyes and clear
And joyous voice of dulect tone;
Hail! Hail! to thee, thou strong of limb;
Our praise is thine. O youthful hing,
Yor thou are pure of wee and sin.

Thy young hands yet but blessings bring

The monarch who is laid away
Within the catacomb of years
Was barsh and ruthless in his day—
Seemed less to love our joys than tears;
We look for blessings manifold,
New Year, from thy pure, sinces hand;
We trust thy heart will ne'er grow cold
Toward us—and our nati.e land.

Bring healing to the hearts now sore
From wounds the cruel Old Year made;
The vail of pracefulness draw o'er
The wore at each heart-furerhold laid;
We can not love a tyrant king!
Our hearts refuse to loyal be
To one who takes delight to fing
Upon our hearts keen misery!

Be kind to us—that we may say,
When comes the time for thee to go:
"On darling year, we grieve to-day,
Because we all have loved thee so!"

-E. B. Lowe, in Good Housekeepit

HER HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A Little Poem That Brought Grace Tremaine Happiness.



fortunes, voted the remains of a small fortune to his education of the only child; but expenses and bad management coon exhausted his meager bank socount, and ruin was closely followed by the death of the old Colonel. Grace was thus left entirely alone in the world, dependent upon her own labor for her sustenance, and with telepianes and the second with telepianes.

and with talents, as get, crude and un developed. Hardships and privations soon left their mark, and one clear, frosty Christmas night found the girl wan with suf-fering, in humble lodgings, and aimost without the necessities of life. Her sen sitive nature had been stung by the many rebuffs and insults to which she had been subjected in her search for employ-ment, and she had financially become ment, and she had mancially become reduced to the hardest and most poorly paid of all female labor, plain sewing. It was a hard trial for poor Grace who had no love forsewing, and a dumb tale

had no love forsewing, and a dumb tale
of misery was told by the thin, tired
fingers. A cruel stab by the hated
needle caused her to throw herself face
downward across the hard bed and give
way to uncontrollable emotion.
She had been working steadily all
day upon a dainty linen skirt for a belle
on Fifth avenue, and it was with the



"Show the person in," said a clear, cold voice, and the mistrees of the house, surrounded by a bovy of lovely give, was so lost in her admiration of the gorgoous presents spread out before these that the absurdity of saking a shabbily-staired sewing girl into the spizious apariment did not for the moment occur to her. Grace, however, was atterly forgotten, and, even-hing in the some like a stray out, afraid to move at speak, her presents win indeed an indeed, a light length. This is from Waiter Fig. 30, 2 st the same time spreading.

for isopection a giova-box of mognification workmanship with her monotrast increment on the life in dismonths as bright that they made Grace sand to coming to taget they have about pieve them. "He has proposed, girts, and is coming to the life his message and is coming to adjut for his unevery nou, I just want you to sate what a dance I am going to lead hith. He is no awaitly abound with his estagist-faced einsertity, do you know that I think a man very laughable who is no terribly in exception of the piece of honor given to Frank Rand's, yender. Do you know, he is positively jealous of Frank' I instend to refuse him; it is always better to refuse a men at first, you know; he appreciates one more afterwards. Of tourse, I intend to marry Walter evolutionally; he is as awfully rich shid not half bud-looking."

Grace, feeling indignant at such sentiments and guilty at having overheard them, came forward, forming a sorry contrast to the daintily-attired butterflies of fashion, and startled the girls, who each gave a frightened little abriek as though an apparition had appeared among them. Collecting herself, and commanding her voice as best she could she explained her business, while the wrathful beauty, irritated at the intrasion, hastily tore the burdle and shook the folds of the skirts of that the light from the chandeller shone remorselessly on the tell-taid blood stale.

"Why have you returned my work spoiled with lationee, recognizing in him that looked finde only for kisses, "and why have you returned my work spoiled with lationee, recognizing in him that looked finde only for kisses, "and why have you returned my work spoiled out they and absolutely spoiled? Monor?" Did any one ever hear of such in "I-I-was reading that poem, cir, and ""I-I-was r

blood stain.

"Why have you dared to present yourself here at such an hour and on such a
day?" came harshly from the mouth
that looked made only for kisses, "and
why have you returned my work spotled

—utterly and absolutely spoiled? Money? Did any one ever hear of such insolence! No, indeed, not one penny;
rather do you owe me for my ruined
linen. And let this be the last time
that you spoly to my maid for work. that you apply to my maid for work. Here, Adele, show this person down the

the stairway somebow, and, staggering forward, would have falled hal not the prosperous-looking maid (to whom Christmas was evidently a gala day, so far se generous tipe were concerned), detained her with gentle hand, and. detained her with gentle hand, and.
with a tear of compassion in her eye,
thrust semething into Grace's hand,
which, when she reached her humble
quarters, she found to be money.
Grace Tremaine was a dreamer. All
day long, as she sat and sewed, she

would weave strange fancies and almost reconsticusly form them into verse or prose. On stray bits of paper, on the breks of boxes, on the fly leaves of old books, the singings of her soul found outlet as freely and as easily as a bird-tillis its note aimply because the require trilis its note simply because the music is in his soul and must break forth.

When the story of her grief had passed, and threw open her low window and leaned far out into the sharp, frosty

the best from ner some age to an area somehow been crushed by a series of misseries of misremaine's corrows were forgotten in sleep, a young man was to be seen half



flooling her checks.

and—"
"I see," he answered, without allowing her to proceed; "you were reading
that poem, and it was so very beautiful
that it made you cry. There is a story
connected with that poem. I will tell
it to you." When he had finished he
added: "And there is a handsome sum added: "And there is a bandaome sum of money waiting at my office for the writer whenever she chooses to call for it."

"A-sum-of-money?" But Grace could say no more, for her voice was choked with sobs, and abs buried her face in her hands.

"Yes, a sum of money," he answered, puzzled at this demonstration of grief.

"Why do you sry, my poor child? Are now in need of money?"

"Yes," she answered, brokenly, "rery much in need—of money—and I—i—am Grace Tremsine."

Need the rest be toid? A few years

Need the rest be told? A few years later two womes are obliged to meet occasionally in elecity; one is unmar-ried, the other is the gifted and famous

ried, the other is the gifted and famous wife of Walter Fletcher, the wealthy publisher.

Can you gness which is the most admired by the world—the once beautiful girl now hardened by disappointment and remorse, or the mild, happy face made radiant with love and good will towards all.—Drake's Magazine.

year to which we can look back with a smile of cheerful recollection, if not with a feeling of heartfelt thankfulness, And we are bound by every rule of justice and equity to give the New Year credit for being a good one, until he proves himself unworthy the confidence we repose in him." A very wholesome reminder this, that it is well to cherish with genuine gratitude the mercies and obserful experiences of the year that has flown. Hope is naturally so strong that any coming time is, as the great writer has said it should be, generally confided in until should be, generally confided in until it proves itself unworthy the expecta-tions inspired at its approach. A little research reveals the fact that the celeback for centuries, and the custom of merry-making and exchanging gifts at that time is a very old one. In England, a great many years ago, young people used to carry around on New Year's eve what was called the Wassall Bowl, the word "wassail" being de-rived from the Anglo-Saxon, and mean-ing "be'in health." The concection in "TARE A CHARRITE, AND YOU WILL,
FREE BETTER."

recling down the steps of a brownstone mansion on Fifth avenue, and the
light from a street-lamp revealed handsome features, but pale and with a
dazed look, as though stunned by a
blow.

ling "be in health." The concoction in
the bowl was made up of ale,
sutmeg, sugar, and roasted
crabs or apples. A briefer description of its contents is spiced
ale, and a draught from the Wassail
Howl was the same as drinking a health.
And in this connection we read: "In
the Monthly Miscellany for December,
1002, there is an essay on New Year's

She had been working steadily all states the second of the control of of

as though fascinsied, on the delicate tracery thereon.

Hactily unfolding it, he drank in the beauty of a poem whose loftiness of thought and delicacy of execution he had not often seen equalised in his years as a journalist and publisher. He read it again and again, and noticed the name amended—such a beautiful name, too—Grace Tremaine—and such a beautiful name, too—Grace Tremaine—and such a beautiful name, too—Grace Tremaine—and such a beautiful name, and elicate and sensitive, yet full of character.

He wondered who the girl could be—a genius scholebted — yet he had never beard her name in literary circles, and then the poem—annely it had never been published—such an exquisite crossion worth head an exquisite crossion worth has been copied through out the son published—such an exquisite crossion worth have been copied the conjuty. Something seemed to still him that that elequent messenger had been blown at his foot by face, however, he decided to give it a premise the processor, he decided to give it a premise the processor of the location of the past and the light and comfort WHEAT-YO. I SP CORN-NO. I WANTED

400 YOU WANT THE SARTH, OF A PIECE OF ITT



rapidly the development of a new territory follows a public knowledge of its resources in these go-ahead days. A given portion of security resources in these go-shead days. A given portion of country may be seemingly a howling wilderness to-day, yet twelve months hieroe the hurdy piomeers of settlement will be firmly established in it, and five years hence the wilderness is gone forever, transformed into an agricultural region of inestimable

This story has been told over and over again upon the American continues to the American continu

portion of the Globe.

Only a few years ago the prairies of Western Canada were simply a vast game range, yet to-day towns, villages, settlements, farms and ranches are dotted all over what is unquestionably one of the very finest agricultural sections of this continent. The prairie region of Canada extends from the eastern boundary of Manitoba westward to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, a distance, roughly speaking, of about one distance. Passed, and there open her low window and leaned far out into the sharp, frostrair. The streets were ablaze with lights, distant mustic and happy voices reached her ears, and she contrasted with bitter feelings her own sad fage with that of the joyous circle assembled in the magnificent residence from which she had been so harshly ejected.

As she thought, she wrote; and when againstive nature, she developed early a taste for the artistic and beautiful. Her father, am of letters, and a genina, who had somehow been crushed by a series of miss.

Almost at the time when Grace of the streets were ablaze with the state of the sharp for the province of Manitobs, the fat lands of and remorse, or the mild, happy face made radiant with love and good will towards all.—Drake's Magasine.

THE NEW YEAR.

A Duy That Has Bren Celebrated for Centeries by the English and Remann.

Charles Dickens, in one of his decicles, "asys: "Next to Christmas day the most pleasant annual grain fields and pastures, and no matter whether the new-comer prefers hack, overcome by sleep, unconscious of the biting air, a gust of wind snatched the 'hert from her loose; ed fingers, and a genina, who had somehow been crushed by a series of miss. And we are bound by every rule.

Almost at the time when Grace of the content of the past year to which we can look back with a said, pa sing it from one gale to an other, wafted it—who knows whither?

Almost at the time when Grace of the content of the past year to which we can look back with a said, pa sing it from one gale to an other, wafted it—who knows whither?

Almost at the time when Grace of the content of the past year to which we are bound by every rule.

-Wherever we are at rest, and at — Wherever we are at rest, and at peace; wherever the thought of love, or dreams of love visit, that is home. For since the cold, elect-tipped fingers of science have crushed space into a nutshell, and since the deep-mouthed, capacious present has swallowed time out of sight, there is no landmark left but love, no home but the home of loving, no home but where one's love is.—De Claudius.

Worst Enemy

Claudius

**C

-The man who can stand his own latter and fawn upon one merely be-

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cura.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Frops, Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorshie in all bosinoss transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their applications were always to the control of the control o

Tun color line, as applied to the sugar problem, is a matter of refinement. - Hutch inson News. To the Pacific C

To the Fracilla Const.

Go to California via the through lines of the Burlington Route, from Chicago or St. Louis to Denver, and thence over the new broad guage, through cur lines of the Denver & Rio Grande or Colorado Midiand Rail-ways, via Loadville, Ghenwood Springs and Bail Lake-through interesting cities and unsurpassed scenery. Dining Cars all the way.

Is children have pots they are less liab o become petrish. - Pittaburgh Disputch. Worst medicined The very name puts a had taste in a child's mouth, unless her mother has been lefted and given her Dr. Hull's Worm Destroyers. These little can-dies taste good.

"Wny-belle! You are the last person expected to meet." "Well, I am the last person you have met." -- Smith. Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

THE MARKETS.

Lerrae Bor-"Papa, the papers my the mine owners are going to coalesce. What is the menning of coalesce?" Papa-"it means less coal, my son "-Grip,

Traurs, Miss., Oct. 6, 1886.

Misses A. T. Sustinassement & Co.

Rochester, Fa. Gents.—The bottle of
Shallenberger's Pills sent me in Pebruary
inst I gave to W. A aderson of this piace;
a long standing case of chills and ferer. He
had I rick everything known without any
permanent good. In less than ten days
affer taking synet Antichte be was sound
and well, and his goes through the senter
souson withdut any return. It seems to have
effectually driven the Mainrious poison from
his system.

Yours truly,

V. A Anymous.

Last writes at the end of a letter to friend: "Now, I must conclude, for a feet are so cold that I can hardly-hold a pen."—Pick Me Up.

Principles informed, me that I was threatened with paralysis or apoplety. I a suffered terribly write pain on the right self-of my bead, especially when I would read or write, and on rising to my feet would become perfectly blind and hast to hold to something to prevent my falling. I am happy to say that fault's Sar-aparilla has entirely relieved me. My aspetite is good and for the first time in a long while I diploy my dinners.—Mr. B. C. Rivers, Louisville, Ky.

AN Extended Portlants. Brown's Snowellas Taoches have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

We suppose a woman may be said to b fur-tive in her way when she tries to pas if plush for scalatin

Explosions of Coupling are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horebound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Care in one minute. "You'me just the man I'm laying for," a he brickmason and to the couractor. Singhamton Leader

BILIOCUNES, dizziness, nausea, headache, are relieved by small doses of Carter's Lit-tle Liver Pills. "You devote a great deal of your time t pedestriculate." "Yes, it is my sole discr-tion"—Washington Post.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

100 Doses One Dolla



ONES ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the nexts, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kaineys, Liver and Boweis, cleaness the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures hapitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the tasts and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most hality and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bett'as by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG. SYRUP CO.

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These of you who are weary and leavy adened with electrone and care, weighed down with the infruities that beed the homes system, can find the ove thing necessary to rectors you to bright hosyanihesith, in Shorman's Prickly Ash Bitters, It invigorates and strengthens the debifitued organs, side digestion, and dispois the clouds arising from a discussed liver.

is you are tired taking the large old fash-longed griping pills, try Curter's Little Liver Prils and take some comfort. A mea cun't stand overything. One pill a deed. Try them.



BLOOD.

But do not use the dangarous athelies and mercurial proporations which destroy your servous system and rute the digustive power of the stemach. The regulative kingdom gives as the best and safest remedia agents. Dr. Sherman devoted the greater part of the first to the discovery of this reliable and oute recordy, and all its impredients are regulable. He gave it the name of

Prickly Ash Bitters name every one can remember, and to the precent day nothing has been discovered that is so beneficial for the BLOOD, for the LIVER, for the KIDMEYS and for the STOMACH. This remedy is now so well and favorably known by all who have used it that arguments as to its morfle are usediest, and it others who requires a corrective to the system would but give it a trial the health of this country usual be vestly improved. Remember the name—PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Ask your druggles for it.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.,

ST. LOUIS, MCO.

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